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# Slight

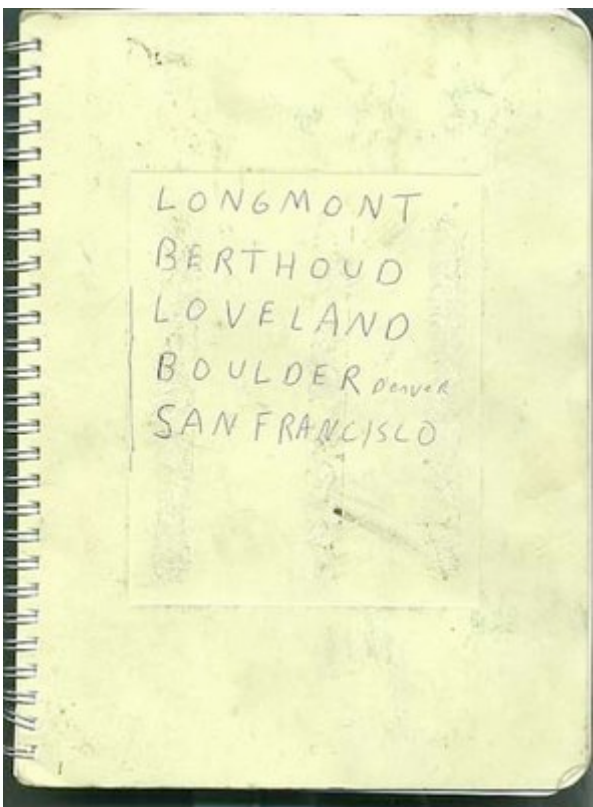
PUBLICATIONS

Notebook Envelope House



THE REALITY PANEL WILL  
BE HELD IN THE MARRIOTT  
PANEL ROOM AT 10AM  
SATURDAY. WE'RE SORRY  
FOR THE INCONVENIENCE.





Colorado is like a pretty teenage girl the boys can't stop abusing



Marvels of Compression

- I only have two dollars
- That's just binary thinking. Lets go outside the box
- But I am already there. Can I stay at your house?
- You made your bed, now get a Voucher for it
- You know my bed is Outside the Text
- You don't like the way I talk
- At least my heart still beats
- That's just Binary thinking
- Where do you get a Just like that?



- Take my Class
- So I can fit Inside the Box?
- Cancun Beach sound alright?
- Gee, sounds interesting
- Got Syllabus?
- Ax you something?
- Shoot
- I do not Shoot, I ask: are you human?
- Shoot first and ask questions later, if that's what you mean
- That's a complex of multiawareness
- Sequential Protocol, its all revealed in the Class
- You know it all
- About obtaining the good life in western civilizations, sure
- I take that to mean Location Location Location
- Big 10-4 Homeless - its a great idea and you should buy in
- Join the Management Team?
- That's stretching it - but I can see you in Polyester Manager Pants.
- Where do you get those?
- Just Take the Class! Join the Team!
- That Just feels like a gun to my head
- Don't be so dramatic - its only pointed at
- My kneecaps
- No better guide
- What is The Book called
- HOW TO MAKE A MILLION JUSTS
- Well, how *do* you make a Million Justs
- Fuck you Smart Aleck
- Simple as that?
- A very big first step. A little Might makes Right never
- hurt anybody?
- Binary, Binary, Binary
- What are Bureau's of Land Management for?
- The entire Hemisphere was underperforming
- It needed air-conditioning, aerosol deodorants, landfills
- Faith based initiatives. On the Bus, or Not? I Got Your Back. End of the Day
- Okay! I give up
- In



ow is it that U2 fellow still hasn't found what he's lookin for





First Dollar I Ever Made Indexed to WCP (World Cockroach Population)

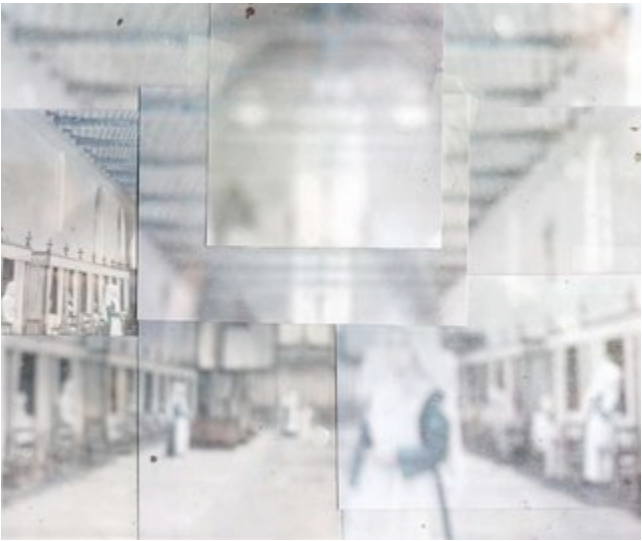


Bill Daniel said

- That's why its called Real Estate



Dr. Ferguson's Library was put out on the street after he died





the Glean in her eye



ONCE UPON A COLD morning in Bolinas



Gaslight Mobile Home Park Fruitvale Ave & Wedding Lane off Rosedale Highway.

Gaslight from the outlaw Tosco Refinery - JV said smelled like dirty socks dipped in shh



THE LAWNS HAVE CHANGED



Universal Earth Mint is a Visionary Artist and a generally unpleasant human being



>Two sets or one - philosophical divide I pondered - make duplicates in camera; duplication though - so it went. One to keep, one to give away, I decided, that's all



once I was bounding the tops of the trees my dreams have withered and died (1)





GRANDPA, CAN OUR NEW HOME have windows that view navy blue lonesomeness'  
soft breezes, howlings, pitch stillness' connected to at least one 20 amp 110 volt  
line with a pair of duplex plug sockets?

- Sounds like a sod prairie Bunkhouse son, and you can have all that  
but for the line we'll need a Bunkhouse Remodeler and they don't come cheap

\_\_\_\_\_

She could bag the limit with a bow and arrow



\_\_\_\_\_

she could skin a cougar in the dark (2)

### CHAPTER THREE

The more I know you the less I like you, Deb said.

This stopped me. It was the honesty I crave and have the chin to take to at  
the very least my grave. I thought - this is both the confirmation of my most  
prevalent fear, and really just the way life is. She was giving it to me  
straight but I had not the slightest curiosity why, not this far along in my  
excruciatingly selfconscious whoIamness - likeability had been my aim here all  
along. For some reason I thought of the 15 gallons of petrol in my van and  
multiplied that to 28 much above 80 she's a runaway buckboard. I swallowed  
and bit my lip - she's looking straight at me. Its fair and right to tell the  
truth, so I took a deep breath and sat up straight to say

- That's a devastating thing to hear.

She didn't comprehend, it looked like.

- Why do you say that?

I'd tried so hard to keep myself either useful or scarce to ward off the curse  
of familiarity. Familiar is fine, necessary, good, natural - its the suffixual  
appendage that's icky and the main ingriedient of grief between people.

I suddenly wished for a length of dental floss.

- That I have gathered a mouldering moss before your eyes.

It really does take stick or stone to hurt me, long as I have hat and sunglasses.

I'd been feeling relaxed, comfortable, at home in her backyard adirondack chair  
and had neither, so fixed my eyes straight ahead - at Robert Frank's famous  
vanishing two lane interstate, woulding my loneliness could be forbidden instead of  
embraced.

- What did you think I said?



For once, more minutes than possessions.

I did not like it.

Only took a delicate lingering hour to clear his room -

Some shirtliftings change your speech permanently?

When I imagined we were together last week,

I asked if anyone had ever told you how beautiful

your inflections are.

I think I could verbally please you a lot I said.

I could occupy that chair bigtime.

We need a bigger kitchen, Frank.

I could enclose that patio and put in a gas grill.

There was corningware, central vacuum and air conditioning,

washers and dryers, televisions, tools, fishingrods homemade

hifi's microscopes lawnmowers minibikes stationwagons salvation army

hydraulic liftgate truck, there were motorcycles and

airstreams and atv's and cb radios and towers, there were a series

of tropical fish aquariums, there were watches and radio's and

ashtrays and cigaret lighters, mini refrigerators, the first radio shack

personal computers with 9dotmatrix printers;

there were so many clocks, and zenith shortwave radio's

a never ending miscegenation of 40 piece socket sets, saws and vices,

and 36 inch pipewrenches and 3000 gallon gasoline tanks

there was homemade pneumatic packaging equipment, and semiautomatic

bagclosing conveyors, there was always coffee.

There was a battery powered wheelchair never used once,

There was the 1948 Hyster Fork Lift Truck.

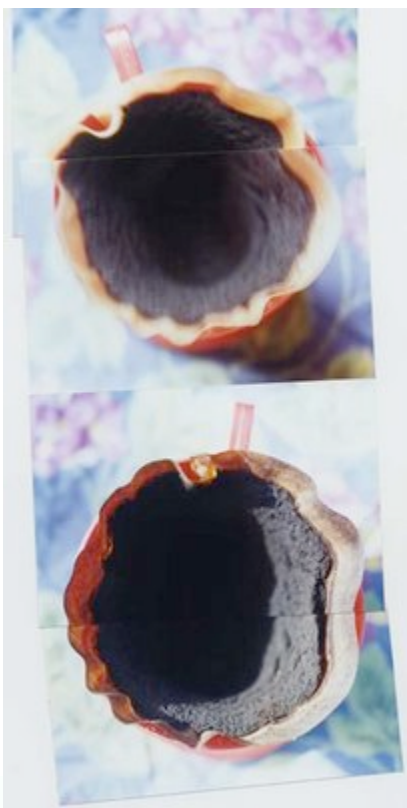
The Hyster could lift 2500 lbs and was the key to all of this.



a 36 sq/ft kitchen with three windows - this both dried and kept  
and satisfied me no little



a Disney production in progress, Montana de Oro



Watched Mimi at Kevin and Lisa's in North Beach 2004



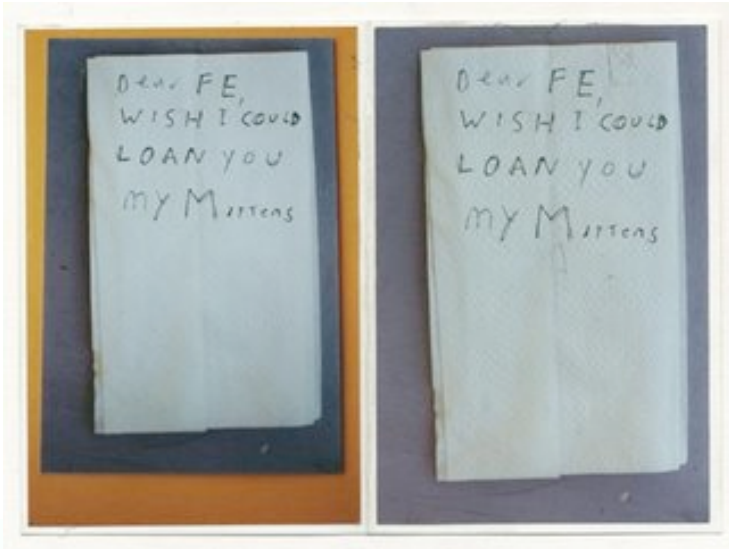
[Criteria for the Selection of Beach Stuff](#)

[Gateway to the Spirit, North America, 1996](#)





I started the landfill that started the whole world crying



Home is where the composition notebook is



Dear Aubrey,



Working at the record store and a confused guy searching through the G's said

- Where's your Journey?



ADMISSION STATEMENT

I ONCE PRIDED MYSELF FOR A WICKEDLY SARDONIC SENSE OF HUMOR  
NOW THERE IS NONE AND MY EYES WELL WHILE WATCHING DRAMATIC  
TELEVISION SHOWS.

I DON'T LIKE TO THINK OF WHAT HAPPENS NEXT.

Lush evening armchair softens a feeling I lost, with Booze, gazing at TV -  
men with guns, or judges, lawyers, doctors, cops - all relentless capable tough  
concerned magnetic charismatic faces - cheekbones smash the camera riding along  
in the squad car - what Partners talk about (civilians will never know) one moment;  
the next, brake slamming to push face into weasily scumbag Vinny give it up or do I  
keep spitting Up the River Vacation in Rikers dialog at you, punctuated with some  
Civil Rights violating of yours, of my choice, what you say, Punk?

Drunk I liked this shit, admiring faces so complicated back story quirky,  
resourceful, direct, great, uber blue line.

I'd be Scumfuck myself just to be caught and ride around in the back while they  
screech along through a day solving their problems lately.

Scumfuck makes wrong peep everynow and then so Partner must wheel around pushing  
this faces attention I always wanted and say

-Shut up Punk!

Commercials - the scientist in northern california says great thing about research  
is, I forget- drunk as I was. Except that just like his Investment Firm  
its a way to get Competitive Edge and I, having sucked down a liter of bug juice  
in the first 15 minutes, am sitting in a spinning room by minute 45, become enraged  
and hatch a plan to Whack this fatassed shill for the unequal distribution of income  
so I can be an APB Wacko threading my way through these channels and commercials like  
they were devastated innercity dead end alleys with chainlink fences and fifteen foot  
drops to sidled down fire escapes - Wacko is Packing - wasting every smug chortling  
chump encountered along the way - fuck Ballastics talking about me down at  
HeadQuarters Roll Call this morning - just like I always wanted, these big glamorous  
faces concerned about me, don't shoot! I wept, sobbed, cause Scumfuks not so big now,  
stuck with Sipowitz spitting cop whaddy say we talk a walk squad car you know the  
hottie down at the station you wanna get it wet with?

Time for the interrogation room?

Cigaret? Donut? New York City Blue To Go Cup?

Maybe I give up a Scumfuck you really want I only do a medium security nickel,  
or maybe I walk. You know?

Sure. You guys always look so glum and worn out in the bar scene at the end  
of the show

-What's that about?



My life began to change when the lease to a derelict dry cleaning store fell into my hands



There was a payphone here once, at about 5:30 pm October 17 1989.

I was walking around in a dazed wonder. Like most people.

At 5:04, I had just stepped out of a barbers chair, handed over 10 dollars

and the shaking started. The old guys sitting in wait for haircuts looked

at eachother like calm corroborating Richter Scale Assesors 3.2? 4.1? 5.3? -

not quite impressed enough to get up from their chairs.



I cut to the entrance doorway, recalling these were supposed to be safe;  
  
then I noticed it was surrounded by plateglass.  
  
So jumped out as it felt like a great whip cracked and boomed Geary Street -  
  
it all took a hop and I saw parked cars bouncing.  
  
After that just a dazed aimless claims adjustor sighted pedestrian -  
  
finally meeting neighbors, alarms and smoke rising in the distance,  
  
joining little knots of people around radios reporting possibly hundreds  
  
dead where the Bay Bridge had collapsed, fearing to enter my apartment,  
considering  
  
aftershocks.  
  
Here at Geary and 22nd, saw a line of people waiting to use the phone,  
  
including a young woman I had found hard not to notice since her arrival  
  
in the neighborhood at the health food store some months before.  
  
Now her face was so fierce with concern, and governing her upset -  
  
I was transfixed, and supposed this could only relate to man she knew  
  
who was a regular user of the Bridge at this time.  
  
I'd find out later she was waiting to dial her parents 3000 miles away  
  
in East Longmeadow, and even get to see the phone she called...



*There is a Yurt in Downtown Berthoud \$2500 Firm*

**BUCKETHEAD**

Got no head it's a bucket with teeth  
It likes to dream it likes to sleep  
It knows hot it knows cool  
It knows what's what it's no fool  
Fill up the bucket with whatever you got  
Make sure it's something that the bucket likes a lot  
Fly on a window looking through  
It's tiny bucket knows just what to do  
It goes over here, it goes over there  
It takes its tiny bucket almost everywhere  
I'm a buckethead that's the truth  
What I do sure shines through  
And what goes in get mixed around  
And overflows and makes this sound

You are  
2 feet in  
our driveway -  
We have large  
Cars & can't  
get in or out -  
If you don't  
move I'll have  
to call police  
I can't get  
out 6:PM  
9/18



Annalema



Queenie (1978-1994) only followed, always stayed and never barked.



With Drew pushing me in a red wagon off the end of the porch in 1963;  
I remember feeling like I was in a beat-up cowboy movie, staggering from  
post to post to make it back up the stairs.

That she was my first crush



must explain something

MY TROUBLES BEGAN when flaps of a keratinous skin-ey stuff started growing off me at about the same rate that stubble encircles my mouth - almost dead sheets of subtly moistened dandruff prior to flaking - cellular debris that rains off me almost continually. Yes I've seen the doctors know no better than to shake their heads and usher me home because its not excema exactly, or it is and they tell me these useless storeys of character triumphing over

The answer is to stop scratching. This will stop it spreading as well as not irritating further the problem areas. Cream will then clear up these areas in time.

Believe me it works. Show some will power STOP SCRATCHING.

Eph those morons. Well I'm a solitary man so at home its not much of a problem and fact these odd flaps poised to be pushed, brushed, tugged, twisted and turned off of me make for a pleasantly diverting habit as I go about my reading, writing and television watching. Its the restaurant experience that I had come to rely on for social functions and convening near, if not with, my fellows - these are now for the most part denied me as I'm seen as too disgusting to allow inside, much as I flake.

Yes I tried overalls long-sleeve shirts, scarves, hats, knee-high socks.

Problem is it still comes off, I'm hot as hell and the only way to really keep my rapidly growing cellular debris from accreting at the table or around my chair is to shrink-wrap my whole body before going and that is not just miserable, its unhealthy.

And the goddamn dogs going crazy for me everywhere I go - they love the stuff.

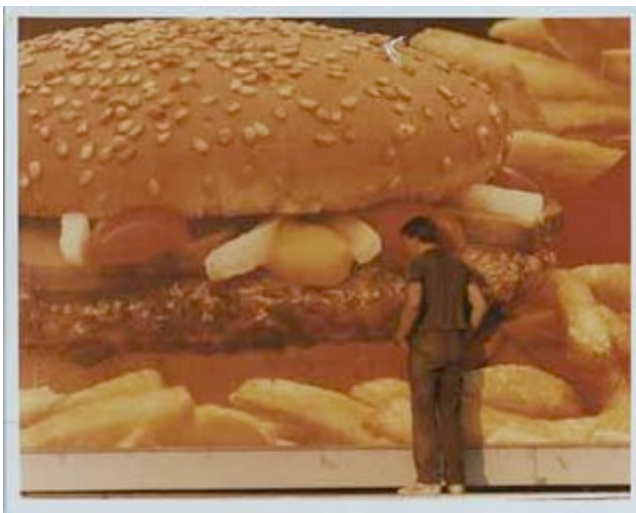
So I eat in a lot and feel more cut off from my fellows for how they respond to me now. Before it was all about my being inherently wary of social intercourse, for all the obvious reasons.

But now its about how others regard me, and about half of all the people I know or meet now find my presence upsetting, unpleasant, improper and repugnant. And the other half want to act like my long lost chimp-simian nit picking partner and bare my skin completely of its molting flaps.





I dig Video cassette box "Cinnamon Chicks"; Marin Flea Market



All Needlepoint Cursive & Shit:

*Medium Sweet Medium*



Back then, Donut World was the nearest Coffee

Q: So, the free association process, did that play a role in that, because I mean you see a tumbleweed, and normally you see them either trapped in a fire fence because they can't roll anymore, or you actually see them rolling across the highway or whatever, then if you take one of them..., and to many of us, to me, for example, the tumbleweeds have always had this free-wheeling kind of sense. They go places. And they're a strange plant, because they are actually alive! Even though you see them dry, and you see them rolling, tumbleweeds have been known to travel three, four hundred miles! And it's fantastic, because they're kind of in that..., I don't..., I used to remember the state they're in now, biologically, botanically, what it's called, but their whole purpose is they're dead, and latent, I suppose is what it's called, and when they find the proper situation, a little water or whatever, they'll bloom or shed seeds and create new tumbleweeds. But then you took the tumbleweed, took it in, and then saw what we were talking about before, most probably you did see like a hairdo, I mean like hair. You did see the equivalence. And that then prompted you [laughter] most likely to give it a haircut, I don't know!

A: Yeah.

Q: And that's certainly playing-with visuals. And then we were talking before about playing with words, too. So we can go into

18



Jack's advice:

The most important thing is to fuck this chick



WHY I AM ALWAYS GOING TO KEEP THE GARAGE

900 dollars a year, the Club Sole`

Not quite housing goal improved Real Estate in San Francisco,  
includes private fan-in, calm, electricity, fridge, camp stove.

Telephone Television, vcr, stereo, books, guitar, favorite paintings,  
collected stone- its all here,

including verdant, wild backyard fertilized by my own diluted nitrates.

Drink beer, smoke, tinker and crash landing: next to the gorgeous assends  
of three bad motorscooter bikes,

persistent smell of oil and gasoline reminds me  
of the industrial fluids I was raised on.

Tools, lubricants, sealants, adhesives of all kinds.

reprocessing the mountain, just a shovel, I, and hell

toward my, garage armchair presides the bedspread camel and night

surceasing whiskey bottle heap, relent comfort steps retire able weekend

from the persons happy to skin visible the frisbee throws a wave

of indolence the sunglassed diminished world invisibles insensibility

window is covered properly for privacy,

sleep



TWO NONDESCRIPT, HUMORLESS, TERRIFYING white men in dark uniformed garbs at my door.

No eyes either, but sensors, one holding a thin, rusted curved scrap of pavement battered metal, the other a grey grimy floppy, but again, curved, thwack of of cable, out of each end, tiny multicoloured shielded copper wires by the hundreds, seeming to writhe.

- Chocko?

This was in unison.

- Sirs?

- Are these C's *yours*?

Of course I began to shake, though I don't think it showed; but what did was the brief release of an ounce or two.

It showed through my trousers.

- Gentlemen, it appears I have forgotten my catheter, I lied surely you will excuse me?

But this pair of indistinguishable agents from the DoC had already closed ranks and stepped closer to the door which I held and so narrowed

- We could help you with that, Chocko

Now this pissed me off and I let it all go, forming a puddle they chose to step back from.

- I'll excruciate my own urethra if you don't mind were you fellows born in test-tubes or barns?

The dark garbed humorless white left one spoke to his "pencil"

- Changes the subject

- Okay, yes these C's appear to be mine.

- Chocko, its a lot simpler when you play it this way.

We appreciate it and would not mind affording you some dignity for following procedures. We realize it is a difficult transition.

- I am to become a member of?

- The Post Residence Club.

- Could I have some time alone with my home?

- Chocko you know you can't take it with you.

- The proverbial dash to grab a few photographs...

- Chocks, let the DoC lighten your load Righty added

- Go with the flow, man

He raised his "pencil" again.

- We'll digitize most of it and you can requisition the DoC for any portion of your allotted DPI

- Later His partner hideous prosal turgidity

- Well what can I take with me?

- You shouldn't have wet those pants, Chocko

- You guys have homes?

- Dorms at the Doc

- Your own Trunks, then

- Yeah we have Trunks

- You get a nice coat, Chocko, with a big inside breast pocket.

- Standard issue plaid reversible with a pair of deep roomies for those mitts of yours

- Cuts the chill I hear



Lefty laughed now and it was the terrible default variety these goons are famous for,  
far too loud harsh and long, full of monolithic "pearlies"

- Not that you'll be using much
- Say I'm not so sure who's those C's are
- I hear cardboard's going for 60, 70 bucks a ton these days

Now I heard the echo, and realized there was no righty said lefty said they were both  
"tape" delay. Somewhere, someone in a little silver room



was watching this and absently keyboard tapping a Mutt and Jeff routine.

I had to stall long enough to get the Persisten out of the Medicine Cabinet.

- I'm not afraid of a Cardboard Shack. Post Residence Club gets me what?
- Gets you 8 hours of state certified soft surface, regulated climate and noise cancellation
- Guraranteed DPI quota and Application Privledges
- I really am missing my catheter, guys

Now they stepped back again - not much, but enough to suggest there was something  
about the release of organic nitrates that gave them to fear.

That silver office somewhere wasn't all that far away I figured,  
and probably detected the sugar in my urine - there was the rub.

What did I have to lose.

I reached into my pocket and said

- Fella's you mind if I have a Snicker Bar? Pretty sure I need one.

Now the Default laugh and the Monolithic pearlies again.

- This narrative needs to stop right here Chocko

Righty or Jeff or Good Cop said

- Let it go man
- Drop the candy bar

I shoved the whole king sized thing of it in my mouth, wrapper and all  
and began to chew, then voided my bladder completey.

The goons were walking backwards now, one default laughing and the other swearing...



I'd drive gingerly through the ruined city singing

"I wuv my van, I Wuv my v-aaaaannnn"



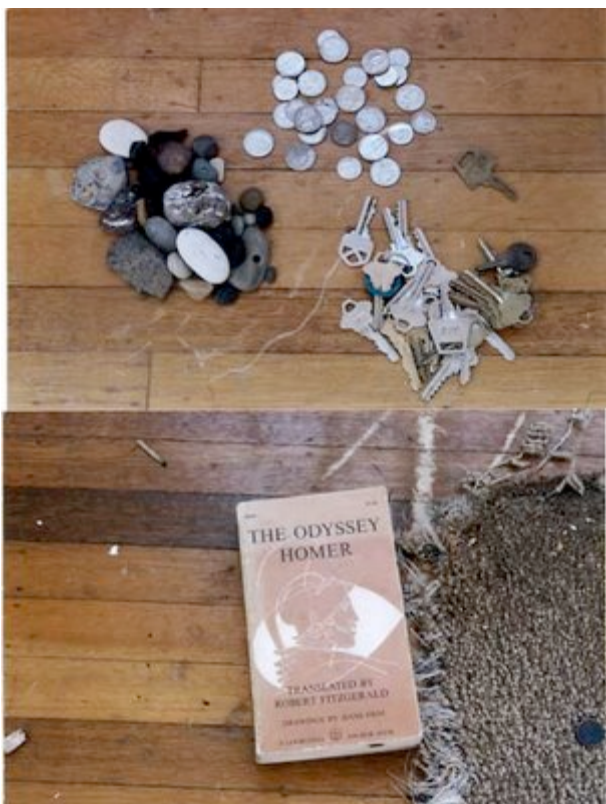
Living room window 1984-1995



BEHIND THE VISQUEEN CURTAIN My baby causes me to be arrogant. Your excellency, she does not make my arrogant C F she never to make a scene by hangin ' everywhere I C F G which like in crowd's G person conversing the C reason. Does your excellency, how they like discussing C morning F G C but when they close the lamp I to know she will be leavin ' and I Chorus: C F G C C F G C and after we obtain the visqueen curtain then she lets her hair hang under C F G C and she is me to feel like I am artificial C Dm Em F Dm Em F C Oh, nobody knew any continues after the visqueen curtain C F G C my baby is me to smile. Your excellency, she is not me to smile C F she never is very far G or too wearily said I want your C F G she always Madame's C, looks like madame to be supposed to be C morning F G C but when they closed the lamp she are still the baby to me ©1973 Charlie Rich







My home is a place a word wants to live right. Words don't live right on the sidewalk



Collected Basketballs. Levees Broke New Orleans 2005-6



(1) Linda Thompson Lyric

(2) John Hiatt Lyric

6:02 PM

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This Web-log is 2007 by Chris Sullivan / Slight P U B L I C A T I O N S / t h i n g n a m e r @ g m a i l dot com

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